

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,  
Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

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# OLD TOBACCO BOX



There was an old man  
And he had a wooden leg,  
He had no tobacco,  
Nor no tobacco could he beg;  
There was another old codger,  
Who was as cunning as a fox  
He had lots of tobacco  
In his old tobacco box.

Says codger number one,  
Will you give me a chew?  
Says codger number two,  
I'll be—if I do;  
For if you'll save up your money,  
And be cunning as a fox,  
Faith, you'll always have tobacco  
In your old tobacco box.

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